

RAMAPO'S MOUNTAINEERS.

**SOME OF THEM HAVE NEVER SEEN
A ROAD OR A SCHOOLHOUSE.**

A Trip with the Tax Collector of Hohokus

Garret Valentine, tax collector of Hohokus township, N. J., is a man with genius for his duties, and this is the reason his neighbors persist in retaining him in the office year after

He was in violation of all rules of rotation. Hoboken is the largest township in Bergen county, and one of the largest in New Jersey. It includes a large portion of the State of New York, and Mahwah on the Erie Railroad. The great mountain-side farm of Theodore A. Havemeyer, and that of his neighbor, A. B. Darling. When Garry—everybody calls him Garry—has completed the delivery of tax bills to constituents in the more populous portion of the township, he devotes one day to distributing similar bills to the more remote portions. He can prove that "nothing is surer than taxes and death." It was to accompany the tithe-man on this mission that William M. Johnson, a Hackensack lawyer and a S. N. reporter, met him at Oakland, noted as the home of "Swearing Jim" Van Blarcom. The collector's first salutation here was making an excellent start toward the "H" when he pulled her up suddenly and exclaimed:

"I do believe that a bill for coming down the hill, and I've got it Mary Post."

Mrs. Post was a tall and muscular woman, plainly but comfortably clad, with traces of early beauty on her weather-beaten face. She was a Quaker, and the daughter of the late co-eeper for Gen. Frank Price, son of the late ex-gov. Rodman M. Price. Having paid fifty cents a year for the privilege of keeping a dog, she said:

"Well, I must get down to Oakland, for I hear that John Ziek's to be tried. He deserted his wife and then came back and sold the cow, and she was thrown on the town, and the postmaster

"Yes, and she would, too," remarked the collector, as he drove on. A quarter of a mile further another halt was made in answer to a hearty hail:

"How d'do, Garry. I s'pose you're out collectin'? Well, you stop at the house; if she ain't home you'll find her over at Slum's in the

wamp, understand? And don't leave without the money. I'm only an outsider, you understand. Ha, ha! She's the financier of the house, a-ha! Good-by, Garry! Git up, Jim."

"That's John Frazier," explained the collector. "He's a peddler who owns a little piece

far and right in Havemeyer's estate. He wanted to see five times its value and the sugar man paid him more than twice what it's worth, so he keeps it.


A mile further on the road to the mountain led from the house of Ex-Judge Aaron G. Garman, of nature and his brother, who sings the hymns indited in copper-plate penmanship, to a tall, thin, balding man with a beard and a tall black hat from the barnyard, shouting:

"This is my wedding hat, gentlemen. I think I'll wear it to the wedding." He had a white suit from Andrew Snyder, and they're talkin' old times."

The judge and his guest were met on the ridge, endeavoring to decide whether a pair of blackbirds, perched on a branch in the woods, belonged to a hawk or an eagle. The bird was gray with years, and ripe in wisdom, and the collector in Jersey Dutch dialect, the party separated, the collector beginning the ascent and the judge descending. The road was steep, and the judge, where the road became rough and steep, said, "This is a dump and hoof it. The road is bad. His son started to descend, and the mountain journey was begun on foot. The collector, however, was not so easily deterred. He was a man of a certain size, and as the road rose along the rough side of one of the many ridges forming the rugged Hamapo range, leading to the summit of the mountain, he took panoramic panoramas of farm-dotted valley, bordered by the snow-dwelling river, to a wild forest of tall, straight, slender trees, and, as the sun of a bright noonday sunlight flooding the heavens, the collector delivered a climbing about a mile, pointing across a boggy depression to a

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with steel—you seen the other one scary
get no help to build. But I've got the
use of help, and hope to get the new place
built. I want to see you. I know you'll
be out if I can't pay prompt, fair price."
"No, Charley, you needn't be afraid of that,"
said the other man. "The party took
out to intercept the train. The horse
leaped swamp, which lay in a deep hollow
between the peaks. In the collecting ex-
posed the horse leaped in the air and
slaughtered in a round-up, so long ago
the train is now tradition. A rude bridge
drawn in to secure power for a mill, a por-
tion of the moss-covered wall remaining to mark
the spot where the bridge was destroyed
when it was destroyed, or what its pur-
pose was away up in that mountain fastness;
the real business was the manufacture of
whiskey, which was carried out of the
country in the night, and the men who
operated at last detected their traffic the mil-
lions by fire."



KNOWLEDGE

Brings comfort and improvement and tends to personal enjoyment when rightly used. The many, who live better than others and enjoy life more, with less expenditure, by more promptly adapting the world's best products to the needs of physical being, will attest the value to health of the pure liquid laxative principles embraced in the remedy, Syrup of Figs.

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GOLD DIGGING AT CAFE HORN
Information for a Man Who Has Thought

of Trying His Luck at It.

Charles Miller of Petersburg, Ashley county, Ark., writes to me for further information about the Cripple Horn gold diggings, which he describes in the following manner:

What arrangement, if any, must be made with the Government of the country in which a man would like to go?

How much money could a man have to buy an outfit after he arrives in the country?

What kind of outfit would be required on the steamer to Santa Fe?

What kind of work in the diggings could he obtain any kind of work at which he could earn his passage back home?

Is a knowledge of the Spanish language a necessity?

What is the best time of the year for a start from the States?

Part of the diggings lie in Chilian territory, but the best now known are in Argentina. The deposits on New Years Island, off the north shore of Staten Island, and those in Sloggett

The most good, but they are also the most dangerous to work. No arrangement need be made with the Government for working the placers in either locality, unless the miner wishes to go at it with large equipment and take up claims for development purposes. This was the case when he began by asserting his claims as he would do here in the United States, and then he must travel to Buenos Ayres and hire a lawyer to tell him what to do next. An entire page of THE SUN would not contain all the details of the man's adventures. He met the man with shovel, pick, pan, and tumbler or a single shuck box need not bother with that. He can work the sand all he pleases and no one will bother him in either locality mentioned, or anywhere else in Argentina. Claim jumping is almost unknown in Argentina as far as Sloquet Bay and New Cears Island, there being no mining laws.

When THE SUN's correspondent was there yesterday he saw the man who had been taken away. One man could buy a sufficient outfit in Pampa Grande for \$250, gold, but two men with \$200 could get more than enough to start with. There are many chances of success. One man, however, has already failed.


ould scarcely manage a sloop in the tumble of the water. The men must cross in that region. The perpetrator is a man of color, a Negro, a young man, a Horn group is something frightful, even though they be manly by men accustomed to the life of the coast. But there they are. One may travel second class in one of the steamers going to Punta Arenas, and all the passengers are of color. The first class is reserved for a man failed in the diggings (as most of them do), and succeeded in returning to Punta Arenas. He readily gets work on a sheep ranch if he knew how to work. He is not so probably get work at something in any event. He is a good runner, from 40 to 55. He gets a good wage on a ranch run by a man. He gets a good wage on a ranch run by a man. A knowledge of the Spanish language is not necessary. The worst month in the year at Punta Arenas is September. If one leaves New York in that month, he will find the worst time to be there. He arrives there for preparing to face an

Mr. Miller adds to his questions the statement that he is 48 years of age, and says that, although THE SUN said the Cape Horn diggings are not suitable for any but young men, he thinks that what he lacks in youth he can make up by his experience. He says, further, that he is married and has a large family, at cotton growing in which he has been successful.

years engaged, does not pay, and that he must change his occupation to support his family. He is a very intelligent man, and he thinks about his wish to seek for gold at Cape Horn under such circumstances.

To this it must be said that youth is not reason. The young men of this country may not live correct lives are elastic in muscle, powerful and hopeful in disposition, and quickly change their minds. They are full of energy, exertion and prolonged exposure to the elements. They are, in short, young. Their experience is likely to be of very great advantage to the older men of the world, who are old and mentally mature, but of all the readers THE SUN we should think him to be about the best qualified to write about Cape Horn, a wider leaper than that from the mountain of Arkansas to the icy quarter deck of a forty-foot sloop in a Cape Horn willow can be made. The institution for the dissemination of words that will adequately

reached the willowaw. One has to see the terrors of a stormy sea caught up in a whirling, swirling eddy which is such to appreciate the danger of the little skiff. The men are all young, the sons of the prospectors do live through one dangers, but no experience on shore—not an experience in handling the Arkansas white water will fit a man to meet such a danger. The chances that Mr. Miller would lose his life are more than those of his ever returning to his family in Kansas, while the boys are waiting the bugeys at the bottom of Sioux river, where so many experienced men have died. Indeed, even lost their lives, are well infinitesimal.



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Every woman, married or single, should read and read "Woman's Weakness."

comfort and improvement and

GOLD DIGGING AT CAPE HORN.
Information for a Man Who Has Thoughts

**Information for a Man Who Has Thoughts
of Trying His Luck at It.**

What arrangement, if any, must be made with the Government of the country in which a man would prospect?

How much money ought a man to have to buy an outfit after he arrives in Punta Arenas?

Can a man get second-class passage on the steamers?

Part of the diggings lie in Chilian territory, but the best now known are in Argentina. The deposits on New Year's Island, off the north shore of Staten Island, and those in Sloggett's

either locally, unless the miner wishes to go at it with large capital and take up claims for permanent occupation. In this case he must begin by staking his claims as he would do in the United States and then lease them.

But the man with shovel, pick, pan, and lumber for a single sluice box need not bother with that. He can work the sand all he pleases and no one will bother him in either locality mentioned, or

One man could buy a sufficient outfit in Punta Arenas for \$250, gold, but two men with \$200 each would get a better outfit and have three times as many chances of success. One man, even though an experienced sailor of small boats, could scarcely manage a sloop in the tumble of

If a man failed in the diggings (as most of them do), and succeeded in returning to Punta Arenas, he could readily get work on a sheep

September is the worst month in the year at Cape Horn. If one leaves New York in that month he will have a-plenty of time before him after he arrives there for preparing to face another September.

her, that he is married and has a large family, but cotton growing, in which he has been for ten years engaged, does not pay, and that he must change his occupation to support his family. He would like to know what THE SUN

recovery from the weariness and depression of overexertion and prolonged exposure to hard sage. They are, in short, young. Their experience is likely to be of very great advantage to them. Mr. Miller may be physically youthful and mentally mature, but of all the readers

ination of words that will adequately portray to Mr. Miller the condition which he would find himself after he reached the williwaw. One has to see the waters of a stormy sea caught up in a whirling,

ances that Mr. Miller would lose his life are greater than those of his ever returning to his family in Arkansas, while the chances of his getting the nuggets at the bottom of Slogget bay, where so many experienced men have failed and have even lost their lives, are small.



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